

M 1763
Group I
Barn
Tuesday January 27, 1970

MR. NYLAND: So, we devote just a little time to Monday evening. It is now customary - almost a habit - that Tuesday morning I get the tape from the evening before. Gradually that particular Monday evening becomes a necessary adjunct to Tuesday and Wednesday, so that on Wednesday I can rely more and more, I hope, that Work questions will be discussed on Monday. It'll give me a little bit more leeway to talk on Wednesday about the background and perspectives of Work, so that Wednesday can go back again, more or less, to the original plan of considering it a Group number III since Monday would then become Group II: discussion of Work, discussion of Work attempts, explanation of Work, and in general, concentrated on Gurdjieff as the principle factor for discussion, so that Wednesday, again, can put Gurdjieff a little bit in the background - never to be forgotten, but the emphasis can be much more on life in a very general way, seen from a serious standpoint.

Last Monday - last night - was a very good meeting. It was, as a meeting, not only good, but I think that the subsequent meeting - that is, the meeting of the five people so far responsible for it - was, I would almost say, better than the big meeting. When I say better, I mean that the purpose is

to try to make a group which can Work together, where the members can understand each other, so there is much more coherence for them as five or as a unit; not to quibble anymore about the interpretation of concepts, but to quibble about the way they are presented, so that then at such a meeting they of course look at what has happened the previous meeting - that is, the meeting just ended - but then the consideration is, how did they answer the questions that came up. And also that will follow, gradually, more of an understanding of the different people of this Group number II, which then will be helpful for them when they have to answer, so that an answer can be placed in the atmosphere and the experience of the person who asks it. And in that way it can be deeper than just an intellectual discussion.

If one can reach a person at the point where they are; if one knows where the question really comes from and why it bothers them; or why they want elucidation exactly for that kind of a question - it depends, of course, on the state in which they happen to be or based on the experience they have had, and the experience for each person is dependent on his own growth in whichever direction it might have gone, and in what particular field they have lived for the last year - so that if one then can enter into that and link up the question, as it were, where they left off and where the answer can start, it is much more than just an intellectual discussion, and it will be possible then to introduce feeling at the right time. I will say something about it tomorrow to the group as a whole, where I feel that perhaps some of the questions were not as yet sufficiently answered or where I felt that something else could have been added, or also where I think a certain question could have been stopped much earlier. But I would say that is neither here nor there. It is an opportunity now to have Work

discussed in a little wider field. And for that it will relieve me a little bit so that I can devote more time to what I have called perspectives.

And this we want to do in Group - let's call it Group I tonight. That is why this kind of a group is different from other groups. It goes already on the assumption that everyone who is here knows about Work, and also knows enough that they wish to devote at least part of their time to the pursuit of such an aim, to find out what Work can do for their lives. And therefore it becomes a little exclusive, because I would not wish to have different people come in, like has happened in the past when we didn't draw such a sharp line between Group I and Group II - although in theory we did, in practice it was not always possible.

So what will we talk about tonight? What is it that you would like to talk now, regarding the continuation of your Work, because I assume that one has started with Work sufficiently to have come to a point where you may need something else. A question, when it is answered, can help you - that at that point you might receive a new insight or even new energy, so that you can continue from one question to another. And I hope that, in your life as you wish to live it, when the different things of your inner life become apparent and that there is a great deal in an inner life development which of course you don't know, that then the questions will be many, and that you can go on from guidepost to guidepost if the questions can be answered in the right way for you. What is there we want to talk about?

Yah? Yes.

Dick Wachtel: Mr. Nyland, it's not so much a question as just--right now, Work has sort of gone stale for me. When I make--I really don't want to Work that much right now and--and my efforts aren't really very sincere. I--I know

that I run a cycle that I Work very hard and very intensely at times and then I go into a long period where I don't Work very much or--and don't make any really sincere attempts at Work, or make very few of them, at least. And I'm just sort of hoping for a few words from you that might sort of change that. It's not really a question; it's just verbalizing a wish.

MR. NYLAND: No, you ask for something that will act as a miracle; and miracles don't exist in this Work. You see now a little bit of what I meant - I think it was yesterday - that when I ask for a question, there is immediately the possibility that the question is at a certain level. And then I have to bring it up - because here Dick says something about not really Working so much and not really being at times so serious. You see, that is really wrong. I understand that when a person Works he has difficulties, and that at certain times he makes attempts and then he cannot Work. Still he keeps on making attempts. And partly the reason why he cannot so-called Work is that he may be looking for the wrong thing. But his attitude is still that he wishes to Work.

We come to a much lower level when you have to admit that at times there is no interest and at times one is not serious. And what I said a little while ago, it is not the kind of thing I like to talk about in this meeting. So I have to bring it up. And how will I bring it up? At the expense of Dick, simply saying that that kind of a question not only doesn't belong, but I really don't want to answer it. There is no miracle that is involved in this kind of Work. There is a realization of oneself, what one is. And if that realization of what one is, is not sufficiently clear, then of course my attempts at wishing to Work must also be haphazard.

What is the reason that I want to Work? It is that I feel a need for it. And the need, again - time and time again, I have explained - has to be based on the realization of what kind of a character I am, what kind of a person. And how I look at myself, even in my good moments, even in moments when I honestly try to be honest and I don't want to use associations in order to illustrate, by a rationalization process of my mind, that I'm really a little better than I know I am and in reality - that is, that I don't want to fool myself and at the same time I want to fool myself. When I'm in that kind of a state where my outer life takes me up such--to such an extent, or when I feel that outer life is more than enough for me at times, and it is very nice every once in a while to listen a little bit about Gurdjieff and that the man has lived and he wrote a book - and of course it has to do with esoteric knowledge and all the different things that are in the book, which of course can arouse one's curiosity - I avoid the particular problem of looking within myself. And when I still have an idea that I don't need much of that kind of an esoteric knowledge because I live ninety-nine percent on Earth and the Earth is, to a certain extent at least, satisfactory - why the hell should I even bother about the possibility of an inner life? why should I even have any kind of an interest in attending any kind of a group of this kind? Because what is it that has to motivate me? It is an absolute desire that I know that there is something that has to be done. When I'm not convinced about that, I will never be whole as far as Work is concerned. I will only be wishy-washy and flippant.

My conscience has to develop to such a point that I know that I am absolutely in need of something to develop myself further, because I must have come to the conclusion that whatever is available on Earth is not enough to

to satisfy me, and that my conscience cannot grow unless it comes up against the difficulties in ordinary life for which I then must find an answer, and that the answer is given in a way that then I could utilize, so that out of this morass of ignorance I can come to the light of understanding in a beautiful green field full of flowers.

If I don't feel that way about my life, and if I'm just happy-go-lucky, and go around and this and that and every once in a while I'm reminded, and even at times that I come to a meeting and it has nothing really to say and I go home again with an idea that perhaps I even wasted my time: what is it that really causes for a person to have sorrow about his past; that he feels that in his past, whatever he has done, certain things went absolutely wrong for him; that he knows that in his education he has not been fed in the right way because he must know that there is something else that should be fed - and he can call that his inner life without going into further detail about the possibility of building a Soul. I don't even have to wish to build - I want to find out what I am. And when I see myself and I try to see myself impartially, then of course I must come to a conclusion: why does Gurdjieff call people slugs, and am I a slug? And I may even fight against that kind of a concept, because I can say it applies to everybody else but me. But am I sincere when I say this?

I've quoted, every once in a while, Goethe's saying about - who does not sit on the edge of his bed with tears in his eyes, and who really complains about the conditions as he finds them in this world; when he doesn't do this, when a man like that can go happy-go-lucky just to sleep and wake up in the morning and has no particular interest in anything - and not, I mean, the hereafter, but

that what happens to him every time when he is trying to do certain things, and his aim that he tries to pursue cannot be fulfilled - Goethe says at such a time, he does not know what higher forces exist.

A person, in order to Work, must know that there is a task for a man; that he lives on Earth for a very definite purpose; that it is not just because he happened to be born, but a man takes on a responsibility for whatever he is then; and then, in whatever he attempts to do, he has to remember that he is responsible. A slug is not responsible. A slug doesn't care. A slug walks from one place to another sluggishly, in any way it likes, trying to find food left or right, or sniffing around, or eating up something that happens to be in their way, because they're not going out like a--like an--a lion or a tiger - at least they fight for a living. But a slug just takes and takes and keeps on breathing - it's nothing else but a little lung that takes in some air. That is why Gurdjieff calls people without having any particular character, like a slug, with no interest, no interest whatsoever, in themselves nor in other people, than only what happens to come, and thinking perhaps even that they live in Paradise - and if Paradise is not always there, maybe there is a rainy day in Paradise, but tomorrow it will clear again.

That is why I don't like these questions, because they have no indication for me that there is even any attempt at wishing to Work, and no realization of what we really are. And I'm not trying to preach any doom, like Cassandra, that everything is so terrible because Troy will fall within seven days. That is not the point.

The point is: who am I? And do I live up to that what in my best moments I realize I ought to be? When Gurdjieff says harmonious man, that may

be an aim that is very far removed; but at least I have to know, am I in any way in the direction of becoming harmonious, if that is an aim for me. And even leaving harmonious off, am I going in the direction of becoming a grown-up man as I should be? And am I satisfied by just being a man on Earth with a little bit of responsibility of a few friends that I have, or someone I happen to have married, and children I may have and educate them? Is that enough every once in a while to read Newsweek or Time magazine? And to find an article that touches a little bit on esoteric knowledge or a little bit of something that tells me about Egypt and all the different dynasties without wanting to know any more about it, and look in awe upon the treasures of Tutankhamen and so forth?

I want a man. I want a man who is potentially able to become one. I want somebody who really has a problem, or he considers himself a question mark within his inner life - a man who dares to go a little further than the surface and is not satisfied when certain things are not answered for him. Then the questions comes: how in God's name can I get out of this, because I suffer. But a person who doesn't suffer - he doesn't care. Where--where should a person care, and for what? He has to care for himself. He has to know that there is something in him that he calls his life and he has to care for the maintenance - and that, you might say, is even cheap. But he has to care to find out what is the meaning of his life, and why was he born on Earth - whatever explanation he wants to give for that. He finds himself and he is up against many different things; and it is la-la and this way and that way, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dum - what is the difference? But when I cry, that's something else. Then I know that something must be done with me, because if I don't - and I don't put it so strongly, I don't want to say that there is no use living, but I certainly

have to have certain things that I feel I must answer to - and when I don't have enough of that, I have no serious attempt - not even to want to continue to live in life. I just let it go. And my life is not a life. My life is just a little bit of an existence.

The question: how can one improve it? How can one actually make attempts for Work? How can one reach a conclusion that Work has to be done and that I need it? It is in the realization of what am I as an ordinary human being on Earth. What is it that I consider myself as a man? What can I do? What can I feel? What can I think? Do I really become serious when I see how uncontrolled I am? Sometimes how stupid in remarks I make? How unconscious I repeat cliché after cliché? How often I repeat? Many times that I quote without knowing what it really means, but simply because it happened to be printed somewhere. What is the situation with the digesting process of myself? What is it that I feed to my inner life? What kind of stuff do I serve it with? That is, if I consider my inner life something of value. But when I don't even know that something like that ought to exist when it doesn't exist, or if it does exist, that it ought to grow - why would I be interested? I wouldn't even think very much about Work. I would just say, well, it is one of those things. Nice little book to look at. Most of the time it stays on the shelf. And then when friends come, yes, I can appear to be very learned because I can point to ALL AND EVERYTHING on my shelf.

How do we get really different? How do we get to that realization of what we really are without becoming morose, without pessimism? A consideration of that what is life can never be pessimistic. If I wish life for a certain

part of myself, I have to enjoy giving it, or open the opportunity for such life to start being alive when I wish to live. And it doesn't matter if it's the outside world or my inner world - I have to have a desire, not only when I get up in the morning to see what I have to do during the day, but I look at my day as an opportunity for something that also can be built parallel to what I'm doing in some way or other that I don't forget it, that I start to think about what is needed for me; and that I say, with tears in my eyes, I will make sure that that what I'm trying to do is for the sake of further growth, for my own benefit if you like, or sometimes for the glory of God.

Where is that conscience that makes a man a man? Why allow even a little question like that to appear? Because it doesn't mean so much just to say I am a little bit of not so serious. I would almost swear about that. What is more serious than to realize that you happen to be a man on Earth and that there is something you have to do? This terrible education that we have. The results of industrial development making it easier and easier for us - press a button and there is a TV dinner right in front of you. States of lethargy to letting things go. Not wishing to exert yourself because someone else can do it. Or to surround yourself with a lot of servants so that you can sit and have one of the servants bring in your handkerchief because you want to blow your nose. That was the beginning, when you were a baby and there was a mother who took care of you, and sometimes a little bit too long, maybe; sometimes too long even sucking her breast, although that is already a little bit of the past - it is now a formula so that you don't have to worry too much about your own figure. And all the different things that are added, super-market style - all packaged. All you

have to do is to take it along because it is written on, what it is - it doesn't matter if it contains actually what it says.

But that is us. I'm not talking about ordinary food in an ordinary supermarket. I'm talking the way we are packaged up, protected by cellophane so that the content of what we really are is almost rotten, but you cannot see it. Why does the Bible talk about plastered--white plastered graves? What is in it? A skeleton. We are not grown-up. And don't ever think that it will be possible just to grow up even if you--you stop growing with your physical body; the rest also stops at a certain time. And what are you good for then? And you live twenty years, thirty years - interests become a little less; forty - so-called life begins. It begins to die at that time. That is what happens at forty. And fifty - you'll be glad with two Mercurys in the garage.

Why should one Work? Not because God tells you that you're going to hell if you don't - all of that is old poppycock, old wife's tales. The world is the world. Hell is right here, you don't have to wait. The decision that I want to make for myself is to see what is this little spark in myself that I call my life, and how it was covered up, and how I could not get out of it, and what attempt I must make in order to get out of it, in order to see a little daylight; so that then I realize what it is that I am sent out with into this world, that I realize gradually that being in this world must have a meaning, because what otherwise is the sense to come and sit here for a little while and live and eat and then die after that? What is the sense for that kind of life? To give yourself a task that you have to continue to eat in order to feed Mother Nature and the Moon, and perhaps even Anulios? But even if you do that, what is that Anulios that starts to wake you up to the fact that you're a slave, that you're bound to this Earth and that you try

with all your might, with all the knives that have been given to you by your upbringing and your education, even telling you where you can buy a knife, and when you try it out, it breaks or it is too dull.

How do we cut knives--how do we cut the threads? Not with a knife. You cut it by sharpened wit; by intelligence; by a knowledge which becomes for you so complete and so clear that there is no further question about that. A sharpened wit will give you truth. That is why it is sharp. An increased possibility of one's mental functions will gradually give you the truth, because a mind of that kind will be able to walk around a thought. And then there is no more lying left when everything is exposed. The whole purpose of wishing to become conscious is of course to change one's state into - in the first place - a consciousness out of an unconscious mind, making it function, gradually, in a certain way - at the present time unknown to the mind as it is - to eliminate associations and forms of memory and words that have no further meaning and are ballast. The rationalization processes of oneself have to be eliminated in order to purify the mind so that it can function as an intellectual mind really ought to function. And then it can give you facts, I say many times, of an absolute value; and then the mind can function on a higher level of being, because it is not encumbered anymore by the influx of something else from the rest of one's personality.

And whatever applies to the mind will apply to your feeling, and the freedom for your feeling, and the deepening it to an emotional state of what is it that then corresponds to the voice of God in your conscience. It is not that kind of a wisdom. It is a force; it's a force of your life that you discover.

Together with your conscience, you know that you owe your life something because what it is at the present time, being covered up with all layers of civilization and culture in this present day and age, in which the industrial development and the search for money and that what is hate is fostered among us. That everything that is being published is simply meant for your surface in order to use a little bit of salve so that you don't realize how poor you are. I've talked about that a few times, when sports were invented in order to satisfy the population so that they were not--were not going to rebel too much, but they had something to put them to sleep for a little while, even if it meant that the Christians had to die in the ca-- in the ru--in the arena of Rome. This is what we are so used to that we don't know anymore that we are slugs, because even that kind of a slug is covered up and in its place we see a beautifully turn-out person, sometimes dressed up like a gentleman.

What is one's inner life? Where is one's heart? Where is one's conscience? Where is the desire that starts in one's life when it is actually there and the door is opened and that then your ears can hear what it says to you? It accuses you. Life within yourself accuses you of remaining a slug. It says, let me out! And then one has to find a way to let it out. You know - because there is absolutely no way of making any dicker or a deal with life. You can do that in ordinary relationships, but life is not that kind of a thing. Even when one says it is eternal, I don't want to believe it, because I say it's me and it is my life, etcetera, etcetera, about all the forms in which it happens to appear, and it is difficult for me

to see what is the reality. And when I then wish to create something also as life of my own - because I want to create, I want to give life a chance and I want to create it - something of me - the highest of myself to be placed, as it were, outside; to be free.

That's what I say is one of the attributes of 'I' - it's free from me. It functions, of course, within me. Don't ever make a mistake, it never is outside. I have no power over the atmosphere of myself even. I cannot place anything of reality outside of myself. I can imagine that to be there, but I do that already by the imagination of something that comes from a hundred percent subjective state, imagining that I can create something that is objective. But it takes place within. It's just a little section of the brain and it's just a little section of one's heart that one wishes to grow up and that has to be fed. There is a reservation made in my mind for that kind of a possibility. I reserve a ticket to go there and I will pay the price so that when I get there I can go on a real trip, because then that what becomes my guide, I know that, because the kind of a guide it is, I will reach Objectivity.

This has to be understood quite clearly, that the process of wanting an 'I' to be created is something that engages me. It is not just anything that can happen any time. It's not just a feeble little thought to satisfy my curiosity. What does it have to do? It has to consider my life as it is unconsciously and it has to put, in the midst of all of that, something so completely different. And I have to take care of it in all tenderness because it is so small. Do you think it's so easy to give birth to something? Because

this is like giving birth. It's not even comparable to anything that an artist does. He doesn't make something as if it is a birth. He has an idea and there there is a form, and of course he loves to pour his own lifeblood in. But for what? Many times because he wants admiration for his own life and his art remains subjective.

But when I want to create for myself something that is higher, I want to give that what is then so-called higher because it is already free in my mind and in my imagination. I assume--assume that it exists and that it can live and that I can give it actual food. And I don't mind if it is very small because it can grow out if I keep on feeding it. But it means a birth. It means a conception. It means a period of gestation when I walk around constantly with that in my mind and in my heart - not in my physical body, in some other organs. The creation for me is sex of an intellectual and an emotional body, if I understand the word sex, if I mean by that procreation like an ordinary human being can perform on this Earth. Even if it may be accidental, I wish that kind of a child of an emotional or intellectual kind. That's the beginning of the feeling and the thought for an 'I'.

A slug doesn't do that. He stays on the ground. He just eats a little bit - sand, maybe - in any event, not sufficiently nourishing to give him any idea about the possibilities of life. A man must have that for himself in order to earn his own self-respect. If he hasn't got the idea that he is alive there is not worth very much. If he is dying too often and too soon and already partly dead without having a chance of resurrection, what good is he for his Soul, or for the possibility of really becoming a man? And let him

be whatever that supporting cell has to be on Earth and never mind how many lives he may have to live in order to find out the truth of an aim.

But we talk about aims already. We even talk about Work. We even talk about attempts we make, regardless of the cost, sometimes regardless of the difficulty of the conditions. We Work against the grain. We want to overcome something in order to get friction; out of that energy, converting the energy for a further wish to continue to create. Constantly this wish to create something because I know I need it! In ordinary life, one even wishes children in order to carry through the name of the father. Why people are happy when it is a boy? Because then there is a continuation of something. When I create an 'I' in the best way I can and in the image of whatever are the higher thoughts and the feelings of myself, naturally I give it a name. And I call it 'I'; that's me. But when I wish to do that, I want to conceive the possibility of that. What is it in me that starts then to create? What is the father of that 'I', when I, in my emotional state, wish it - wish something to go to God?

I'm a man on Earth and I wish God to be the Father of my 'I'. I wish God to affect me, at such a time when I actually am in an emotional state of devotion, that He then can impregnate me so that as a result something can be born, wherever it may be in my life; that is, wherever it can take place in this body, in whatever organ. I don't mind if it is in my mind. I don't mind if it is in my heart. It has to be somewhere in me and I have to know it. The question of awareness starts first with me, wishing to become aware of the possibility within me of the aim that I could create something that in turn could become Aware of me. This wish to create that what can

help me will help me to get out of this doldrum of my existence. I don't want to be constantly bending down, bending down because I cannot control myself. I want to walk straight; I want to be able to see in the distance. I don't want any particular help for that because I am within myself my own creator when I acknowledge the possibility, as I say, of something for me to become a positive element which then takes me and simply tells me, you, within your Keadjanian body, you must create something. Within your intellectual body, something has to be there that is created for you, like the Holy Ghost will come to help you after the birth of your 'I'.

Whenever I understand this kind of thing that takes place in a man, when he wants to get up and he doesn't want to be a slug and he says, it's enough - I've paid more than enough, Mother Nature. Your bill is paid in full. I don't care anymore if you send me any further dunning letters. You send them back to yourself, will you? You keep them where they are because I know where I'm going. I don't want to have anything to do with you any more, although I'm grateful for the fact that I existed for a little while on this Earth.

The wish, where it has to come from for myself, is the realization - I don't want to say my nothingness because in that you might even think that there is nothing left - it is something that is left. The fact that I even want to say, I am nothing, must be a positive statement because how else will I know that I am nothing? I say I'm nothing for that what is for the rest of the Earth, in relation to that what I wish to become. I can be all and everything on Earth for everything that has to be done in order to satisfy the law of the Earth and of Mother Nature.

Why don't I grow faster? What is it that is constantly in the way? What are these things that have been impressed on me, that have kept me in chains?

Why is it that education has to take so long? Why is it that, after some time, that what is now binding me does not loosen itself sufficiently on its own accord? Why do I have to wait? Why do I have to be patient? The patience has to be there because I don't know myself. I don't know how long it will take. If I knew, I can say I will be patient for two years. I say that once in a while because I don't know anything about Work. I do know a hell of a lot about other things which have been put in my mind and I say they are nice and lovely and so forth. Maybe it doesn't answer the questions, maybe a few. But I will try Gurdjieff. I will try to find out what it is worth for me. I almost have an air of disdain as if I look down on Gurdjieff. Poor Gurdjieff. Oh yes, I'll take your medicine. I will take your medicine.

Every once in a while it comes up that one talks about Gurdjieff as if one is a little--really a little bit ashamed that one even dares to mention Gurdjieff, and then whispering it. Why is it? Why is it that one hardly dares to talk about one's conscience? Or about God? Or that what it represents in one's life? That you hesitate to use that word or that name because it was in the Old Testament? What else is there? You even are objecting to use the word Soul because then you are too religious or you quote too much from the Bible. And then you really don't belong because it is not commonplace in the ordinary world to walk with the Bible under your arm. ALL AND EVERYTHING with the title out, under your arm, to show it. When you sit in the subway to have the book on your knees so that the neighbor can look; it says ALL AND EVERYTHING. To have it in the window. To have his picture on the wall. To have the ideas sometimes on your lips as if, if you could actually do that, you could actually - when you talk about it - make a person feel ashamed that they don't

know about Objectivity. Why is it so difficult to tell people that there is a way out? Simply because they don't want to believe you that they're in and that they're in prison.

And this is the motivation. I am bound. Every step I take, I know I am because there is nothing that I can do about it by just to continue to live and taking on the impressions from the outside world. I know what binds me. I know my body. I know what it does to me. I hate it at times because there's always something that I consider more important. It may be my heart; it may be solar plexus. Even in the beginning, it may be an emotional state in which I cannot communicate because I cannot find words. And all my mind wishes are not words at all, just a sigh; an impossibility in my mind; something that I know must be there - I can conceive of it, but it's elusive. I do not know how to talk about God. I can feel Him. And in my good moments, when my mind is quiet in silence, I hear Him.

But why not say it, that it is almost impossible in this world, filled with the Joneses criticizing you. And we even - in a group - criticizing each other when someone is a little funny or perhaps sits and contemplates and wants to become quiet and there someone else comes in - just comes in and bustles around: oh, excuse me. I didn't know you were here. Why didn't you know? Why are we so insensitive? Why don't we know when there is something there in a person who actually strives and to bring forward - who is in the labor pains? Something can be started in a person even without your particular knowledge, even without your wish, even you might say accidentally. And it is a child of your own which will give you the bridge between this world and Heaven, because a child will wish to meet his father; and that is what I want - when I am the

bearer, in that sense, of good tidings - to grow up to where my child belongs. Even if I say good-bye to it after a little while, I want my 'I' to continue, because for that kind of life I'm willing to give mine because I know that that what it is in me will continue as life when it is an essential part of myself.

And the first step is to realize what is essential within myself; what kind of part or quality of my life is good enough to feed my emotional body. What is it that I must contribute to give, really, birth to something that is worthwhile and real creation? Only life, because I don't want to put it in any form. I don't know what form and I really don't care. I want something. That is why it's nonsense to talk about the existence or the 'as if' condition; it has no meaning. I create life in that kind of a place where I wish it to be. I want it to be created in a place of my own somewhere where it can start to grow. I want it in my mind and part of it I want in my heart so that when it is there what I have to do is to feed it; the rest will take care of itself. I don't care about the form because there is already a form in my ordinary existence. It happens to be mentally occupied a little bit. All the machinery for mental activities are there. All I have to do is to make it work - in an ordinary sense or in an objective sense. I will take my life the way it is, as I know it, and I will place it in a place where I believe it has a chance.

If I think that my life, as it is in my inner life, is able to come out, I'm stupid. It has been there all my ordinary lifetime - all the time I was unconscious, a little bit of my inner life was there. And inside of that inner life there was life; and I know it at times - that I know. This is where I start from. This is why I can have a wish. This is what I know and a slug does not know. And it doesn't matter very much what you call it. Man Number Four? Call

it that way. A person wishing to wake up. Man Number Fours--Man Number Four have dreams. They dream about the possibility of something else; not of their ordinary daily existence. A dream for a man is not the repetition of his day; and the day need not be continued in a dream. A dream is God-given when it is a good dream. And a dream doesn't have to wait until I close my eyes physically. I can daydream, but I must know what kind of a dream I wish to dream. I fill it - that dream - with content. In my daily life I select certain things that I am--that are precious to me. I sit at times and I wish my mind to dream. I don't want it to see. Sometimes I sit and I stare; sometimes that staring means that my eyes are open but not the the ordinary objects outside. I start to stare in order to make my eyes open, as if something from myself comes out through my eyes - that is my wish. And the eyes then are not used as a visual organ because there is nothing definite in the eye, physically, that sees. It doesn't see it; it just stares. And because of this openness, the eye can be used as a return for something that then wishes to enter.

That is what I want: material to enter into me so that my dream can be filled. And then I dream about the possibility of being awake. That is my aim because when I can dream about it and I stop my staring, I remember. Then I'm back to Earth, and then my eyes start to function in an ordinary way; and with that I see the reality of what is my personality. And I don't like it because it's not at all like my dream. I dream that 'I' am awake. It's a strange dream because 'I' never was there, but the 'I' came to my dream through my eyes and it came from outside, and I say it came from God because God wants me to have an 'I'.

God is not like Mother Nature. God is omniscient. Mother Nature

is short-sighted. And I have become that way because she has told me not to open my eyes too much and not to ask too many questions. And Mother Nature has told me to be satisfied the way I am, because don't we have a nice good shepherd who takes care of you? And isn't God just wonderful so that not even a bird will fall on the Earth without His Will? Isn't it lovely to have a church so for a little while you can forget about the outside world and you can look through beautiful stained glass windows and all of it can become symbolic without having anything to do with translating a symbol. You can just sit and listen to music and let it come in on you and then you can go home and say how beautiful it was. You can even go to the Rocky Mountains and have the train stop in Idaho and you look at the beautiful colors of the rocks. Or the Grand Canyon. And maybe one moment of awe happens to come into your dreams, and then you say: what for that I should experience that? That's exactly it: you should experience that; you should experience the unusualness of Mother Nature in her beauty. And then it ought to remind you of what you ought to be. And this time you realize you're just a slug climbing up a beautiful colored rock.

How will one grow? How can I continue to find something to put into this 'I' so that 'I' can become alive, so that it can be born, so that the period of gestation need not take so long? There is no particular time limit for Keshdjanian body. I do not know what the nine months in the life of Keshdjan mean. I have absolutely no idea, and since I don't know and I don't care, I Work. I know that when I Work that something can become clear to me. And maybe sooner or later; and I don't say 'maybe sooner, maybe later' because that kind of a measure I don't want anymore. I want depth. I want the inside of myself. I want the reality. I want to get away from form, but I must yield. I must open myself. I must see

what is in the way. I must be willing to give up the time it takes, in an ordinary sense, of discovering how many layers there are to my personality. What I have to use sometimes is a pickaxe or sometimes is a bomb to explode it. Or what it is that I say when I risk my life in order to gain something else that is worth more.

How can I continue to want to live in daily life? What is it that I wish for tomorrow that I now try to prepare? I make a little stew during the day; I put many things in it. I stir it. I try to prevent it from burning, so I have to keep on being active, otherwise it settles and then certain things spoil and they don't end up the way they ought to end up. It is - I am in a stew and I keep on preparing. And after it has come to a boil and I let it simmer, I let it simmer overnight. I put it in an oven at low temperature but sufficient to keep the heat there. And then the next morning, it is a meal for the day. I prepare today my 'I' for tomorrow. I make attempts during the day to make it as well as I can. I put in it whatever I think is necessary, whatever I believe is palatable for the formation, further, of 'I'. I want to create a kind of a stew which has food value. I don't know how many calories. I don't know how much calcium. I have no idea how to prepare it. I have no recipe. I have no book. I cannot look it up. All I have is two hands. All I have is two feet. All I have is a little bit of a brain. All I have within me is a solar plexus which can feel a little bit. All I have is one wish: to grow and to be fed correctly and to create, so that that what is then there - it can be used tomorrow for my 'I'. I create 'I' today. I conceive it. During the night it is in gestation. Early morning it could be born. This is my life. This is how I live from day to day, hoping that tomorrow will be helpful because today I made attempts to wake up. Tomorrow my eyelids are a little bit less closed; tomorrow my dream is filled a little more. Tomorrow I have hope

that my dream can become reality.

There goes my life, day after day, week after week, Tuesday after Tuesday. There are a few words and you take them and tomorrow - and what tomorrow? And then--and what you remember and what you wish tomorrow? And what is there then? And who wants to look at you then? Who cares for you when there is no life in you? Who cares when you don't make an attempt? Who can care for you when you don't utilize what you have?

We talked about talents the other day, talents of ordinary life. God doesn't care for you when you don't use what has been given; that is your heritage. That's the gift of Mother Nature which allows you to keep it. And she allows you to keep it because she can use it to cover you up. Mother Nature believes in the sport of your talent because she knows that as soon as you become busily engaged and involved, you won't Work. She knows that if your life is made a little difficult, that it takes so much attention, you won't Work. She knows that when you earn a little extra money so that you don't have to worry too much, you won't Work. She knows that when everything is made easy for you there is no reason to want to change it, so why Work? Mother Nature is clever; she has dealings with many mean. Mother Nature has an answer to all the questions which anyone can ask and knows about all the possibility that all men together must live because organic kingdom is the life, the body, of Mother Nature. And each person is just a little bit of a cell and not much more.

The difficulty - and what Mother Nature always forgets - is that she has given us too much and that she has allowed each cell to become alive; and that as long as each cell is alive that there is a chance that it will migrate. That the condition for the body is dependent on how long each cell will remain alive.

The time limit for the Earth is seven years. And in seven years all cells will have to be renewed. It is an easy process because they're really next door and an old cell can slough off and the other takes its place. And that is why we can continue to live seven times seven times. But at that time, at forty-nine, there is a realization: what has happened to me during all that time? Just one cell replacing another, and what have I don't to make such a cell that was alive to stay alive and to find food of a different kind so that that what is life could become permanent and that the cell, even if it sloughs off, will still remain as life in existence at a different level?

As I say, tomorrow is a day. Tomorrow depends on what dreams you had today; it depends on the wish for keeping a dream unfilled. It is as if you try to create 'I' and you put 'I' under your pillow and you hope tomorrow morning that the 'I' will be filled with the answer to your questions. But you have to do something even if it is just putting it under your pillow and to have belief that God will visit you during the night or that He might send an ambassador, a little archangel - or maybe you don't rate that as yet. Just a little angel; maybe a little angel without too much of a wing; a little angel that cannot as yet fly enough, but can settle down on your bed and takes care of your feet; and two at your ears and two at your arms and one at your head and one for your heart. And all sing to the glory of one's Maker as Father, as the Creator of your 'I'.

Goodnight.

END TAPE

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